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THE
C O U R T
O F
A D U L * * * Y:
A
V I S I O N.

A NEW EDITION.

“ ———— Oh! why did God,
“ Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
“ With Spirits masculine, create at last
“ This misery on earth, this fair defect
“ ————
“ ———— This mischief had not then befall’n,
“ And more that shall befall, innumerable
“ Disturbances on earth through female snares
“ And strait conjunction with the sex.”

MILTON.

L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXXVIII.

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TO THE
P U B L I C.

THE Author of the following sheets was at Court on that day when every Englishman would wish by his presence to pay a compliment to the Best of Kings. The fatigue of a croud sent him home thoroughly tired, where sleep soon took possession of his senses yet bewildered with the varieties of the Drawing-Room, which gave occasion to the following Vision: as such he presents it to the Public, and hopes the candid Reader will pardon the general sterility, as well as particular inaccuracies of it, and consider that it is a Dream, or rather a fragment of a Dream.

“ In mercy spare us, when we do our best
“ To make as much waste paper as the rest.”

SPEC. vol. v.

P U B L I C
T O T H E

THE Author of the following poem was at Court on this day
when every Englishman would wish to be present to pay
homage to the Son of King. The Duke of a crowd that has
been thoroughly tried, where they found the Son of the Duke
familiar with the varieties of the Daring-Hunt, which gave
occasion to the following Vision: as such he presents it to the Public,
and hopes the candid Reader will pardon the general feeling, as well
as particular inaccuracy of it, and consider that it is a Dream, or
rather a fragment of a Dream.

"In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest."

St. Paul, vol. 2.



THE
COURT OF ADULTRY.

———METHOUGHT, enthron'd on high:

Sat *England's* QUEEN in awful majesty,

Her seat three kindred Gods uphold in air,

Whose emblematic forms their names declare:

This side supported by a maiden Youth,

Whose naked charms bespeak ingenuous *Truth*:

The golden scales on that so equal seem,

'Tis *Justice* only holds the steadfast beam:

In front an holy Maid with brow serene,
Mercy her name, supports the awful Queen.

L - D blows the trump, and L - - v beats the drum;

Surrounding myriads to the judgement come.

Serene the air, and silent all around;

E'en Zephyrs seem to listen to the sound.

Thus speaks the Queen: "Adult'rous race, draw near!"

And herald T - - D echoes thrice, "Draw near!"

Encircling crouds press forward to the throne,

When thus the Youth proclaims th' eternal doom.

"Long has our flag triumphant rul'd the seas,

"And prostrate Kings obey'd our dread decrees;

"From *Andalusia's* rock to *India's* shore

"Both Arts and Arms confirm'd our sov'reign pow'r.

"Now view the sad reverse; hear War's alarms;

"On ev'ry side advance the adverse arms.

"*Britannia's*

" *Britannia's* foes the Eastern Phœbus lights,

" On *Britain's* num'rous foes the Western sets.

" The angry Gods on you adult'rous race

" Pour down this vengeance, and our arms disgrace :

" Hear then your doom—The sacred embers rise,

" And one must fall the common sacrifice.

" There burns the altar, here your causes plead,

" The deepest guilt the common victim bleed."

Thus spake the Youth, and thrice he bow'd his head :

A gen'ral fear the trembling croud o'er-spread.

First modest A - - R rose, and blushing said,

(For A - - R blushes in perpetual red)

" If sin can venial be, sure A - - R's must,

" Whom ne'er ambition urg'd, but genuine lust."

Scarce had she spoke—With all the pride of B—

Imperious P - - rose, and urg'd her suit.

" If

" If lust be venial, passion be a plea,

" Adult'ry's self must stand excus'd in me ;

" Me, who, ere *England* bow'd to STEWART'S name,

" From B—'s notorious race my lineage claim.

" Old age to my embrace no pride e'er join'd ;

" Round lusty youth alone my limbs have twin'd :

" No Star, no Title, revell'd in my arms ;

" My humble lust fought only *naked charms*,

" 'Tis true, ye Fair, ambition bad me wed,

" But brought its punishment in P—'s bed.

" If love, despair, if passion plead for life,

" Think, though I err'd, I err'd a Maiden Wife."

(For A — a plume in purple red)

Thrice D — y rose, but D — 's unripe face

Betray'd, alas ! remains of childish grace.

The Gothic blush she thrice suppress'd in vain,

While B — d scorn'd, and T — mock'd her pain.

Her

Her

Her fault'ring voice in broken accents told
 Of flighted passions, and of Maidens fold ;
 Of ugly Husbands, and of Lover's charms ;
 Then fell and fainted into D - - t's arms.
 By various *grins* the wond'ring croud exprefs
 Their various excellence in wantonnefs.
 In ready smiles the S - - es all declare,
 If not a w-----sh, yet a *Ton-ish* air :
 E'en V - - n's *maiden* cheeks no mod'rate sneer
 Distends, while T - - he gapes from ear to ear.
Entendres now in open vollies fly,
 And jokes on jokes with thund'ring torrents vie.
 T - - d had smil'd, but T - - d rules with skill
 Muscles obedient to a tyrant's will....
 D - - r, M - - n, and M - - rt's matchless Dame,
 Who knows not what a blush is, but by name,

With H - - r's front, which Wh--edom's public school
 Hath practis'd well in Ton's unerring rule,
 Prefs on the fainting Fair ; reproaches loud
 Rush undistinguish'd from the sneering croud ;
 Till B--d's, haughty B--d's, louder tongue
 Rises superior to the buzzing throng ;
 Pride in her stately step, scorn in her eye,
 Her tongue thus tells her mind's depravity :
 " Rise, D--r, rise, nor let a blush disgrace
 " The finer features of a Ton-ish face :
 " I long, like you, was chaste ; but now behold
 " A modish wife, wh--e, game---r, ch--t, and scold ;
 " But I nor blush, nor fear the dread decree ;
 " Want pleads for me, and want's a pow'rfull plea.
 " Then you, my D-- , no assistance need ;
 " Six Executions sure a pardon plead.

" Rise

“ Rise then, my Fair, and, by a Sister’s fate,
 “ Learn to be happy, and to bless your state:
 “ Gild but the tops, your Husband’s choicest care
 “ Will be his horns, while you the breeches wear.”

A - - - R next, methought, with modest mien
 Survey’d the croud, and thus approach’d the Queen.
 “ ’Tis here the dagger points,”—and bar’d her breast—
 “ ’Tis I must fall,—’tis I must save the rest.
 “ Blush, blush, ye Fair, and hear the guilty tale;
 “ Abhor my sin, and hither plunge the steel.
 “ Full well ye Lovers knew, full well ye Fair,
 “ The force of innocence, and Fanny’s air;
 “ When flatt’ry’s incense emulation fir’d,
 “ While Women envy’d, and while Men admir’d;
 “ When each new blush gave love some new alarms,
 “ And conscious merit aided nature’s charms:

“ Not

- “ Not fam’d *Arcadia*’s plains could boast a Dame
 “ More great in beauty, or more high in fame :
 “ Such M - - s was—Good Gods ! how chang’d my fate !
 “ Is there a wretch so miserably great ?
 “ Return, ye transient hours of guiltless youth,
 “ Whose pride was virtue, and whose love was truth ;
 “ Return, ye genial visions of repose,
 “ Which honor guarded, which from virtue rose ;
 “ Return what once was M - - s’ spotless fame,
 “ From conscience shield T - - - L’s endless shame.
 “ But whence this change ? Why err’d ingenuous youth
 “ From ways of innocence, and paths of truth ?
 “ Did keen remorse, on virtue’s ruins built,
 “ (Which plunges guilty minds in deeper guilt)
 “ Did want, did passion prompt ? Of treach’rous love
 “ Did unsuspecting youth the victim prove ?
 “ Alas !

- " Alas! in me no want, no passion's fway,
 " Can palliate guilt; 'twas Fashion led the way:
 " No love, no treach'ry, claims from you, ye Fair,
 " From you, or pity, claims one pensive tear:
 " 'Twas Fashion rul'd, and Fashion bad me wed,
 " Though doom'd to mis'ry, and T - - -'s bed;
 " Cold, cold T - - -, whose chill languid frame
 " Might fan love's fires, but ne'er could quench its flame.
 " Now view the happy Maid a wretched Wife,
 " The sport of jealousy, the cause of strife.
 " How blest the Fair! thrice blest her lot must prove,
 " Where prudence sanctifies the choice of love!
 " No sep'rate wish she has, no joy she can,
 " Where name of Husband graces that of Man;
 " On her no cold, no partial blessing's shed,
 " As well the partner of his soul as bed.

" Not, M - - rs, such thy fate ! No parent's voice
 " To curb youth's passions, or confirm its choice :
 " Death long had clos'd those eyes ; not one remain'd
 " To add experience to the name of Friend ;
 " Save, thee, most honor'd Youth——but spare my shame,
 " Oh ! spare the blush that e'er attends thy name.
 " Thou might'st have rul'd, have taught the tender vine
 " To clasp some heart congenial more to thine :
 " But, oh ! 'twas folly, folly fir'd my mind,
 " And form'd T - - - of angelic kind :
 " Deluded wretch ! for ever mourn thy flame ;
 " 'Twas jealousy assum'd T - - -'s name.
 " Deck, deck the bow'rs, ye Maids, the torches light,
 " The altar raise to Hymen, Love, and Night ;
 " Fill high the sparkling bowl, ye Maids, I cry'd—
 " Fill high the bowl, T - - - strait reply'd.

" Each

- “ Each day with ease, with pleasure pass’d each night ;
- “ ’Twas love, ’twas joy—but, oh ! ’twas all deceit.
- “ Now on his front sat rankling anxious cares,
- “ While down each cheek distill’d the jealous tears.
- “ Then would he swear he lov’d, he too much lov’d,
- “ And sympathizing sighs the tale approv’d.
- “ Scarce could I blame myself, my thoughtless age,
- “ My whims, my follies, but again he’d rage ;
- “ Scarce could submit, and own the fault in me,
- “ But from his mouth came doubly urg’d the plea.
- “ My virgin days of ease, my nights of rest,
- “ In Mem’ry’s eye seem’d now, now doubly blest :
- “ Yet still he lov’d, for still my beauties fir’d,
- “ But fear’d those beauties that he most admir’d.
- “ Conceive my pain (I pity all who can)
- “ At once the pride, the fear, the scorn of man.
- “ No love now urg’d by day, no wish by night,
- “ Me to receive, or him to give delight :

“ I saw

- " I saw ease, honor, e'en good-nature fade,
 " And curs'd the laws that aught but love had made.
 " Here, Censure, here thy keenest arrows shed;
 " I fought abroad what home and he forbade.
 " But own, my soul, (confession's all you can)
 " You lov'd the Husband, though you loath'd the Man.
 " Repent the day when honor first could fail,
 " When M - - rs err'd, and scandal spread the tale.
 " I saw, I burn'd; Love urg'd a quick dispatch,
 " And languid Virtue slumber'd on the watch:
 " Quick on my heart the rebel passion prest—
 " But let a blush and fancy paint the rest,
 " Now view me far, far launch'd on Fashion's tide,
 " Slave of variety, and sport of pride.
 " Without a Goddess; but a wretch within,
 " Seeking relief from sin in greater sin.

" Sage

" Sage B - - - y, say, (for thy experienc'd mind

" Well knows the sting Remorse has left behind)

" Say what it is to sin, reflect, repent;

" Then sin as though repentance ne'er were meant:

" To seek, reject; renounce, but still pursue;

" *Repent old pleasures, but solicit new.*

" Censure, ye Fair, whose footsteps never slide,

" Who never err'd, because ye ne'er were try'd.

" But if one gen'rous heart my woes can feel;

" If one soft eye a pensive tear can steal;

" If one alike in grief, alike in sin,

" Can weep her own, and sympathize in mine;

" (And one there surely is, for C - - here

" Will blush, and drop the sympathetic tear;

" Here too will O - - - y grant my humble boon,

" And weep my sin, who ever weeps her own).

" If one, who Virtue seeks, and not her name,
 " Nor scorns temptation 'cause no tempter came;
 " (Like thee, my G - - r, thee, whose noble mind
 " Shows how angelic may be woman-kind)
 " If such there be, tell Scandal's murd'rous tribe,
 " Tell rigid Sanctity, tell scornfull Pride,
 " Tell CHATS—H's sprightly Dame, tell Fashion's train,
 " How strait from pleasure is the path to pain.
 " The happy Maid, the virtuous Fair-one tell,
 " Within my breast how burns a more than hell.
 " Can guilt like mine, ye Fair, for pardon plead?
 " — On to the altar then, I'll freely bleed."

———— When, lo! in her white shroud clad,
 Cold from Death's dark abyss, a trembling shade,
 With one pale hand uplift, and modest mien,
 Approach'd, (methought 'twas D - - k's contrite Q - - n)

Thrice

Thrice dropp'd the tear, and, beating thrice her breast,
The voluntary victim thus addrest :

' Here, Sister, haste ; 'tis here the wretched rest,
' And all find bliss, though variously blest :
' Here mansions num'rous as the stars of heav'n
' To diff'rent souls are diff'rently giv'n.
' On Conquerors' brows, whom mercies t' heav'n bring,
' Here laurels flourish in eternal spring ;
' Here Kings perpetual peace's sceptre sway,
' And e'en thy subjects, *Britain*, here obey :
' Here too can Virgin vows, and Vestal's pray'r,
' For Superstition's self a seat prepare,
' And guardian angels waft the holy Nun,
' No more to war with Nature, and with Man.

' Tremble the harden'd souls, whose crimes defy
' That God, whom conscience and themselves would fly ;

' Whose

‘ Whose common guilt can brave the blush, and shame

‘ E’en decency with Whoredom’s public name.

‘ This palm be thine, unrivall’d G - - - R, thine,

‘ G - - - R the great, the uniform in sin.

‘ Not such art thou ; then claim the rank in heav’n,

‘ Which penitence prepares for sins forgiv’n.

‘ To realms of calm tranquillity and ease

‘ Seclusion’s feeble wings her vot’ries raise :

‘ Such claim the cloyster vows, and well-told beads ;

‘ High soars the tear repentant error sheds ;

‘ Scenes of extatic joy the Gods assign

‘ To her, and be they O - - - y’s and thine.

‘ Far diff’rent mansions wait thy parting breath,

‘ Lascivious B - - , vicious e’en to death.

‘ High ride thy stately yacht, while hov’ring gales

‘ Fan the rich purple of her panting sails ;

‘ High

' High ride her helm, where wealth and pleasure guide,
 ' And make old Ocean's bosom swell with pride :
 ' Swift to *Italia's* luscious shores convey
 ' The Queen of Lust, of Sin, of Bigamy ;
 ' Where each new day shall hail some new delight,
 ' And golden absolution crown each night.
 ' Deluding phantasy ! one short, short year,
 ' Or month, or day perhaps, and B - - L's here ;
 ' Here clos'd in death, forgetting and forgot,
 ' In cold oblivion where our glories rot ;
 ' Her shade still hov'ring nigh in anxious fear ;
 " For God, not Man, absolves our frailties here."

' S - - E awhile may rear her guilty head,
 ' And youth may scorn the dictates of the dead ;
 ' But, ah ! too near old-age, and age's fears
 ' Approach, and murder'd S - - 's ghost appears :

' The injur'd Shade shall haunt each house, each room,
 ' Stalk round each bed, and awe the midnight gloom.
 ' What fears, what terrors then shall be her lot!
 ' E'en B — shall spurn the child that G — begot.
 ' Now worn with sins of youth, and age's fears,
 ' S — E dissolves in agonizing tears.

' But, see! down Diffolution's path appear
 ' Two trembling Shades, whose guide is cold Despair:
 ' See how they cast a ling'ring look behind,
 ' Catch at each twig, and grasp each passing wind,
 ' Struggle with age; to snatch one hour from death,
 ' Would pawn the blest futurity of faith.
 ' But, see! they come, while deeds of matchless fame
 ' In Mem'ry's page thus eternize their name:
 ' When future lusts with such new glories reign
 ' As baffle former language to explain,
 ' Hence shall men call them H — — — and V —

' A — — — ER,

' A - - - ER, thee await the roseate bow'rs,
 ' Celestial chaplets, and perennial flow'rs ;
 ' Haste then where Penitence on sins forgiv'n
 ' Show'rs mercies like the dews of op'ning heav'n."
 Then one pale hand, methought, o'er Death's abode
 She gently wav'd, while t'other claspt her shroud.
 ' 'Tis here repentant sinners rest : 'tis here
 ' E'en griefs forget to mourn, and guilt to fear."
 Thus spake the Shade ; then vanish'd from my sight,
 Wrapt in encircling clouds of endless night.

" —Now strike! I brave thee, Death ; thy dart I'll kiss,
 " While Angels waft my soul to realms of bliss.
 " And thou, T - - -, thou, that deck'dst awhile
 " My bridal bed, shalt light my fun'ral pile ;
 " Then drop one parting tear, and gently sigh,
 " *Here with her ashes let her follies die.*
 " Then shall I happy any region view
 " That will but hide me from my shame—and you.

" Long

" Long may'st thou live, enjoying and enjoy'd,
 " The happier Husband of some happier Bride,
 " Whom giddy Fashion may not tempt to err;
 " And thou, e'en thou, not know one jealous fear.
 " May youth and age their sev'ral blessings shed;
 " Health at thy board, and pleasure on thy bed:
 " Then long, long years, may hoary Wisdom crown
 " Thy brow with fame, thy memory with renown;
 " And when the envious Fates shall cut thy thread,
 " And Death shall wing his arrows at thy head,
 " May softest slumbers watch thy pillow round,
 " Pour in their balm, and close the gaping wound;
 " And thou, without a groan, a tear, a sigh,
 " Glide unrelenting to Eternity.

THE END.